

DOLL MAN

QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION

I.C.B.
8

THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MITE

And

THE PROPHET
OF DOOM!

10¢

AUGUST
No.35



4

COMPLETE

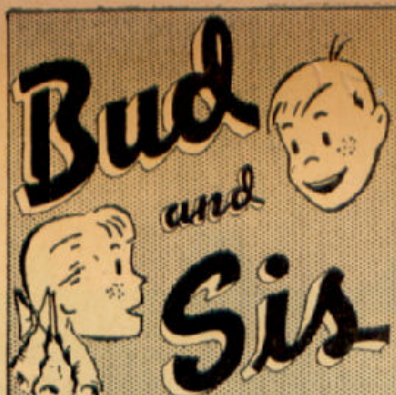
ADVENTURES



WISDOM
OF THE
AGES



WEB COMIC
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BUD, COULD I GET A WRIST WATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE



YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO DOLLS BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID

AND SIS MAILED IN THE COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE

LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY, NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH



THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE



IT SURE IS - I'M GOING TO GET A BIKE NEXT

LOOK AT MY NEW WATCH ISN'T IT LOVELY



**VALUABLE
PREMIUMS**

GIVEN

BOYS • GIRLS • MEN • LADIES

Be First!

ACT NOW!



ACT NOW!

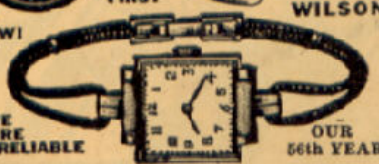
WE ARE RELIABLE

GENUINE .22 CAL. RIFLES, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Cameras, Footballs, Telescopes, complete Fishing Kits, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). **Simply Give** beautiful pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25¢ a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Mail coupon below.

DOLLS, FULLY DRESSED, Over 15' in height, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Blankets, Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Bibles, Pen & Pencil sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commissions. Big catalog lists many other personal and household premiums. So don't delay getting what you want. **MAIL COUPON NOW!**

BICYCLES (boys-girls), Coaster Wagons (sent express charges collect). Flashlights, School Boxes (sent postage paid). Easy fun to get 'em. **NO MONEY NOW**. We send art pictures, salve, catalog on trust to start. Write today!

WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dept. 108-CF, Tyrone, Pa.



OUR 66th YEAR

BOYS! GIRLS!

PREMIUMS

or
CASH COMMISSIONS

GIVEN

**MAIL
THIS
COUPON
TODAY**

**MAIL THIS COUPON
SEND NO MONEY NOW
WE TRUST YOU**

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 108-CF, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____

Gentlemen:-Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25¢ a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start

Name _____ Age _____

St. or R. R. _____ Box _____

Town _____ Zone # _____ State _____

PRINT LAST NAME HERE _____

PASTE COUPON ON POSTAL CARD OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE TODAY

DOLL MAN

WHEN YOUNG SCIENTIST
DARREL DANE EXERTS HIS
PHENOMENAL WILL
POWER HE BECOMES
DOLL MAN
THE TINY, DYNAMIC
MITE WHO WITH THE AID
OF HIS WONDER DOG,
ELMO, IS THE NEMESIS
OF EVERY EVIL-DOER!



The HEARTS OF MEN QUIVERED WITH FEAR WHEN THE SEPULCHRAL VOICE OF THE **PROPHET OF DOOM** RANG OUT! AND DISASTER FOLLOWED CLOSE UPON THE DIRE PREDICTION! ONLY THE **DOLL MAN** SAW REASON TO DOUBT THE TERRIBLE SEER --- AND IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE REAL TRUTH STOOD READY TO RISK SUDDEN EXTINCTION!

DOLL MAN

At A RESEARCH FOUNDATION WHERE DARREL DANE HAS COME TO CONDUCT SOME EXPERIMENTS...

COME IN AND MEET HECTOR HALLEY, DANE! HE'S THE FOREMOST PHYSICIST IN HIS FIELD!

WHAT FIELD IS THAT, SIR?

THE PRODUCTION OF CONDITIONS THAT RESEMBLE VARIOUS NATURAL PHENOMENA! FOR INSTANCE, HALLEY'S DONE MARVELOUS WORK IN RAIN-MAKING OVER DROUGHT AREAS!

THAT'S INTERESTING!

HALLEY, MEET DARREL DANE! HE'LL BE USING THE LAB NEXT TO YOURS FOR AWHILE!

HMM! FINE!

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME... I'M KIND OF BUSY!

OF COURSE!

POOR CHAP SEEMS AWFULLY OUT OF SORTS! HE'S BEEN THAT WAY A LOT, LATELY!

PROBABLY ABSORBED IN SOME PROBLEM! YOU CAN'T EXPECT A BUSY SCIENTIST TO TAKE KINDLY TO EVERY INTERRUPTION!

LAB.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

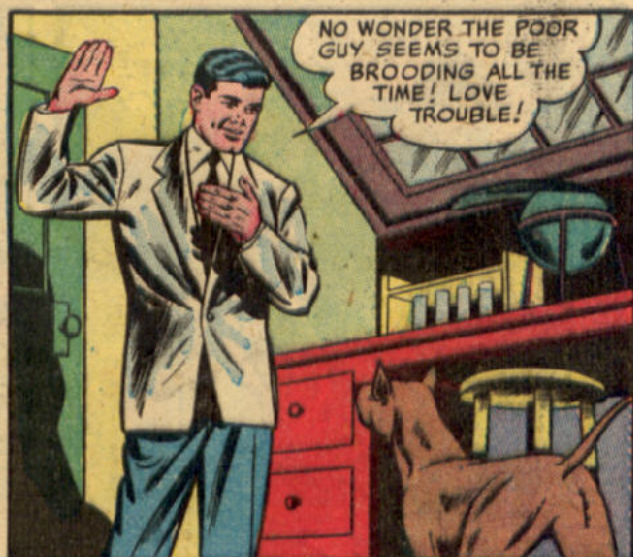
GR-RR!

HUSH, ELMO! I NEVER DID FIND OUT WHETHER IT'S ALL RIGHT TO HAVE A DOG IN THE LAB! JUST IN CASE IT ISN'T DON'T GIVE US AWAY!

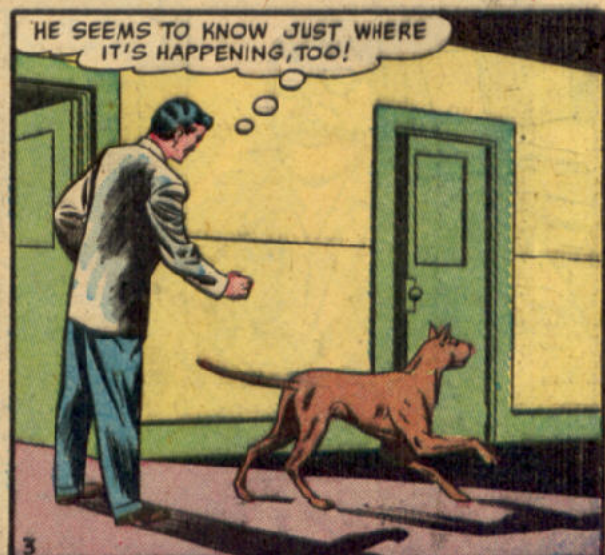
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE GROWLING AT! SAY, I CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR YOUR TASTE IN WOMEN! THAT LADY MIGHT RATE A WOLF CALL BUT NEVER A GROWL!

GRRRR!

DOLL MAN



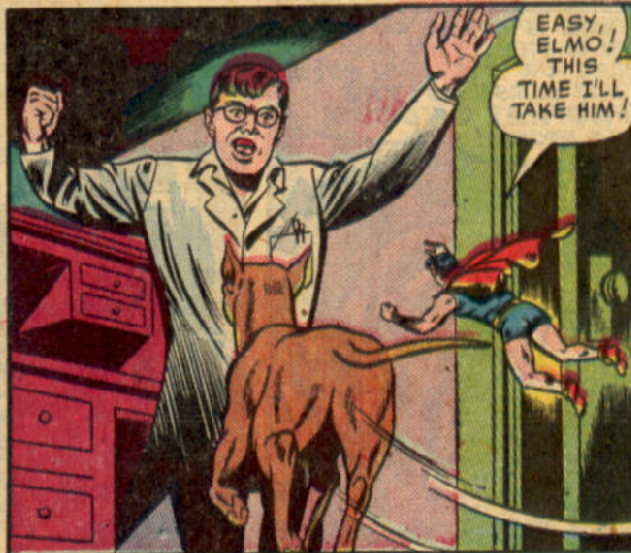
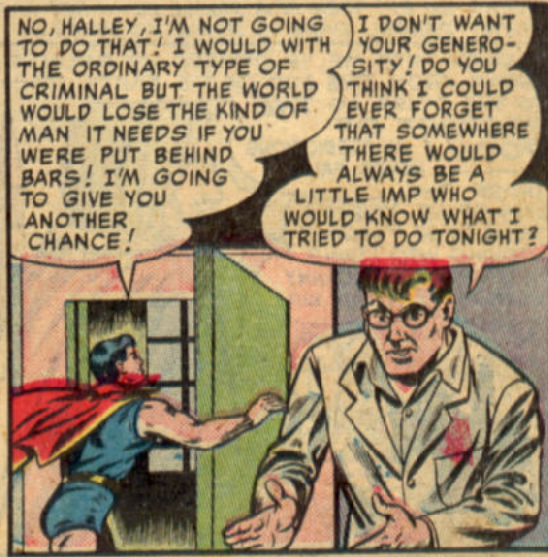
ALL PARREL WORKS LATE INTO THE NIGHT...



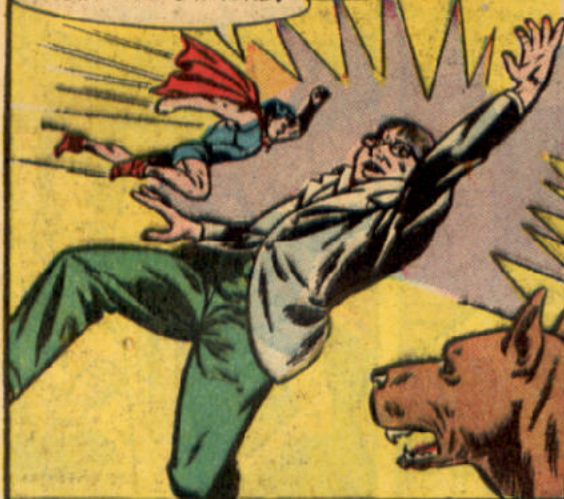
DOLL MAN



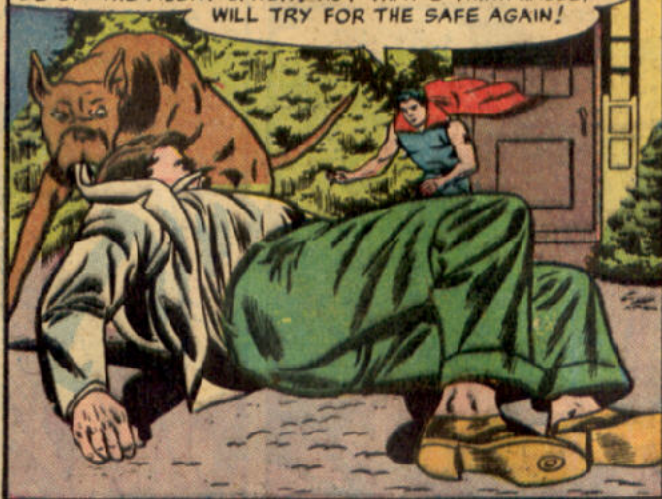
DOLL MAN



MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU I PACK AN OUTSIZE PUNCH FOR MY WEIGHT AND STATURE!



WE'LL JUST LEAVE HIM OUT HERE. ELMO! THE FRESH AIR WILL REVIVE HIM AND WE'LL TIP OFF THE WATCHMAN TO BE ON THE ALERT LATER! NOT THAT I THINK HALLEY WILL TRY FOR THE SAFE AGAIN!



WEEKS GO BY! THEN IN A SMALL TOWN NOT FAR FROM WHERE DARREL DANE IS DOING HIS WORK---

HEarken UNTO ME, YE CITIZENS OF BARYVILLE! I AM KNOWN FROM ONE END OF THE EARTH TO THE OTHER AS **THE PROPHET OF DOOM!** MY PREDICTIONS NEVER FAIL!

THOSE EYES OF HIS SEEM TO BE LOOKING INTO ANOTHER WORLD!

THERE'S SOMETHING UNCANNY ABOUT HIM!



IT IS MY ROLE IN LIFE TO GIVE WARNINGS WHEN NATURE PLANS CATASTROPHES! LISTEN WELL! A GREAT METEORITE WILL STRIKE HERE TONIGHT! IT WILL DESTROY YOUR TOWN!



THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP IT! YOU MUST FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES! GO! SAVE YOURSELVES! **THE PROPHET OF DOOM** HAS SPOKEN!



I'M GETTING MY FAMILY AND HITTING THE ROAD!

A METEORITE CAN LEAVE NOTHING BUT A BIG HOLE OVER AN AREA OF MILES! WE'D BETTER JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING AND GET OUT OF HERE!



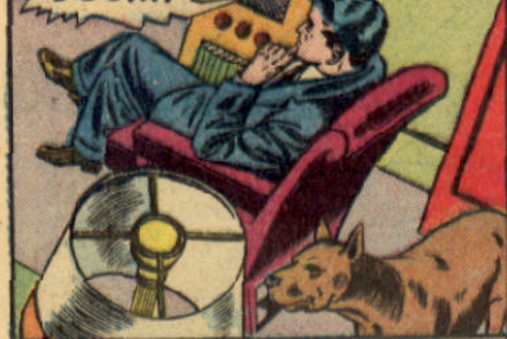
I DIDN'T EVEN TAKE THE TIME TO LOCK UP THE HOUSE!

I HEAR THEY DIDN'T EVEN LOCK UP THE BANK! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER! NOBODY'S REMAINING IN TOWN SO THERE WON'T BE ANYBODY AROUND TO STEAL THINGS!



AND AS DARREL DANE RELAXES BY HIS RADIO ---

STAND BY FOR A NEWS BULLETIN! A FANTASTIC STORY HAS JUST COME IN FROM BARVILLE WHERE A WHOLESOME EVACUATION OF THE TOWN IS UNDER WAY FOLLOWING A PREDICTION BY A STRANGE CHARACTER CALLED **THE PROPHET OF DOOM!**



DOLL MAN

REFUGEES FROM BARVILLE INSIST THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DOUBT THE PREDICTION OF **THE PROPHET OF DOOM** THAT A METEORITE WILL STRIKE THE TOWN TONIGHT!



IT SEEMS THAT THE PROPHET OF DOOM LOOKS MUCH LIKE A BIBLICAL PROPHET AND SPOKE WITH A CONVICTION THAT CARRIED OVER TO EACH AND EVERY ONE OF HIS LISTENERS!

A METEORITE! THERE HASN'T BEEN A CHANCE TO WATCH ONE STRIKE IN YEARS!



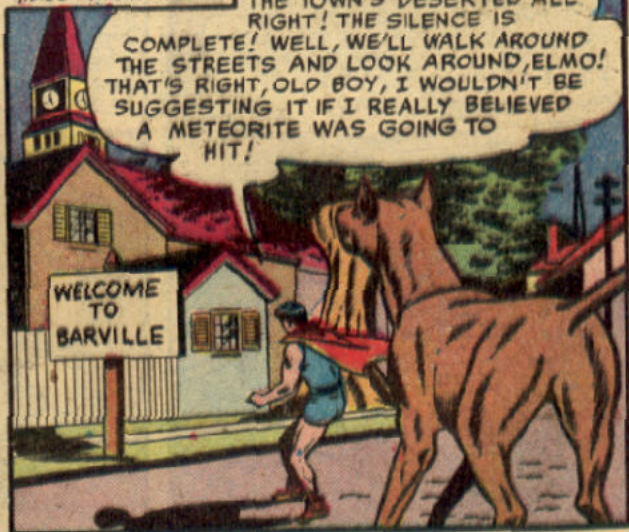
IF IT'S REALLY GOING TO STRIKE I'D LIKE TO BE THERE TO MAKE SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATIONS! IF IT ISN'T THERE'S A CHANCE THE DOLL MAN SHOULD BE THERE TO CHECK ON WHATEVER **THE PROPHET OF DOOM** IS UP TO! IN ANY CASE I THINK IT WOULD BE WELL TO VISIT BARVILLE AS THE DOLL MAN!



WOOF!

That NIGHT ---

THE TOWN'S DESERTED ALL RIGHT! THE SILENCE IS COMPLETE! WELL, WE'LL WALK AROUND THE STREETS AND LOOK AROUND, ELMO! THAT'S RIGHT, OLD BOY, I WOULDN'T BE SUGGESTING IT IF I REALLY BELIEVED A METEORITE WAS GOING TO HIT!

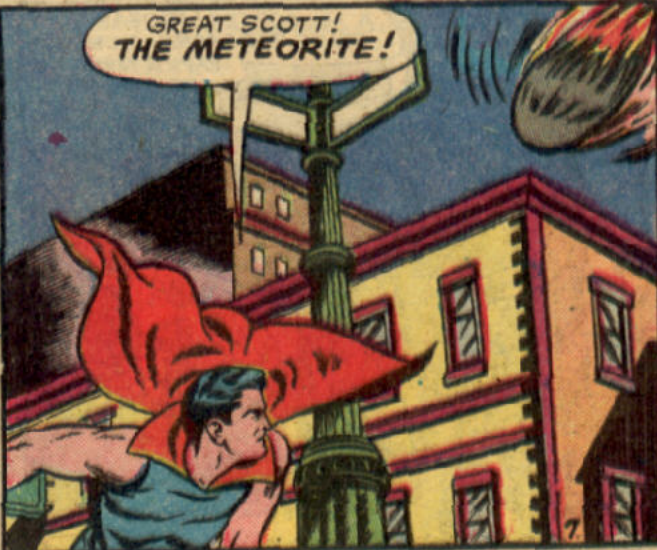


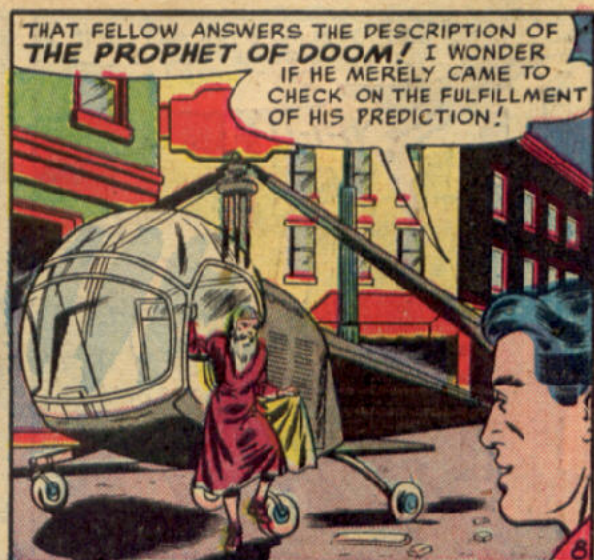
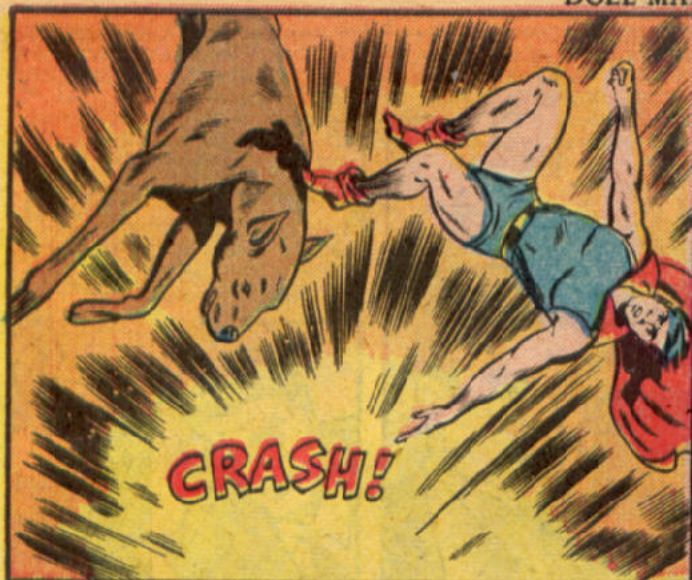
SOMETHING WRONG, ELMO? YOU ACT AS IF YOU HEAR SOMETHING I CAN'T HEAR!

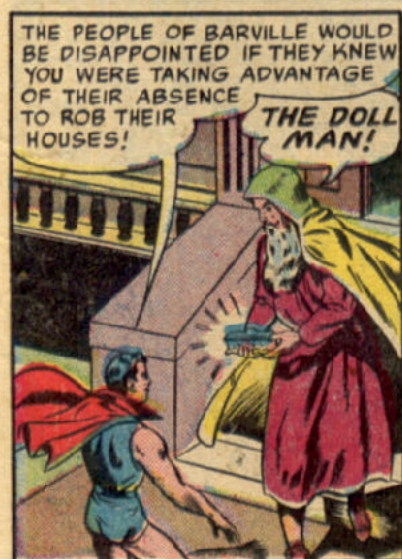
YI-I-I!



GREAT SCOTT! THE METEORITE!



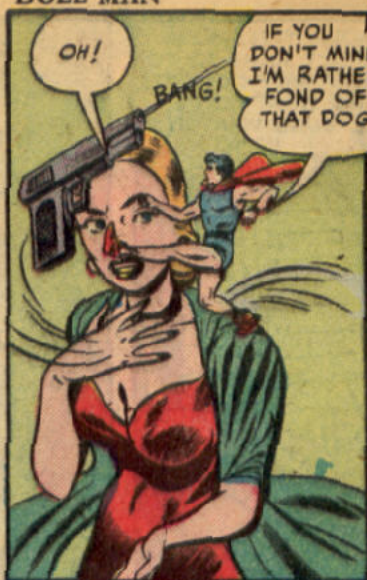






TRY TO HOLD STILL! I'LL GET THE DOG!

AH! A LADY ENTERS! A LOVELY AND FAMILIAR LOOKING ONE!



OH!

BANG!

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'M RATHER FOND OF THAT DOG!



NICE WORK, ELMO! STAND GUARD OVER THE LADY WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THE PROPHET OF DOOM!



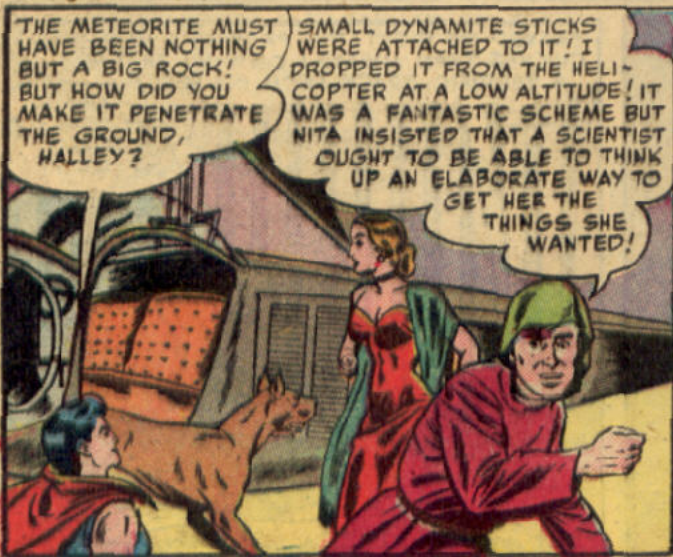
HECTOR HALLEY! I SUSPECTED THAT AS SOON AS I RECOGNIZED YOUR RELENTLESS NITA!

KILL ME, DOLL MAN! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE!



YOUR PUNISHMENT WON'T BE THAT DRASTIC! HOW DID YOU GET THIS IDEA FOR TERRORIZING A TOWN AND ACTUALLY SETTING OFF SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE A METEORITE SO YOU COULD BE FREE TO STEAL WHAT YOU WANTED?

I GAVE IT TO HIM, DOLL MAN! I WAS FULL OF IDEAS BEFORE I LET THAT SAPPY SCIENTIST PERSUADE ME TO LEAVE THE CONLON MOB JUST FOR LOVE!



THE METEORITE MUST HAVE BEEN NOTHING BUT A BIG ROCK! BUT HOW DID YOU MAKE IT PENETRATE THE GROUND, HALLEY?

SMALL DYNAMITE STICKS WERE ATTACHED TO IT! I DROPPED IT FROM THE HELICOPTER AT A LOW ALTITUDE! IT WAS A FANTASTIC SCHEME BUT NITA INSISTED THAT A SCIENTIST OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO THINK UP AN ELABORATE WAY TO GET HER THE THINGS SHE WANTED!

SOME TIME LATER ---



TERRIBLE TO THINK THAT A MAN LIKE HECTOR HALLEY COULD SINK SO LOW! BUT HOW LUCKY THAT THE DOLL MAN STOPPED HIM BEFORE HALLEY DISGRACED HIMSELF AND THE FOUNDATION EVEN MORE! AMAZING SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENON THAT DOLL MAN!

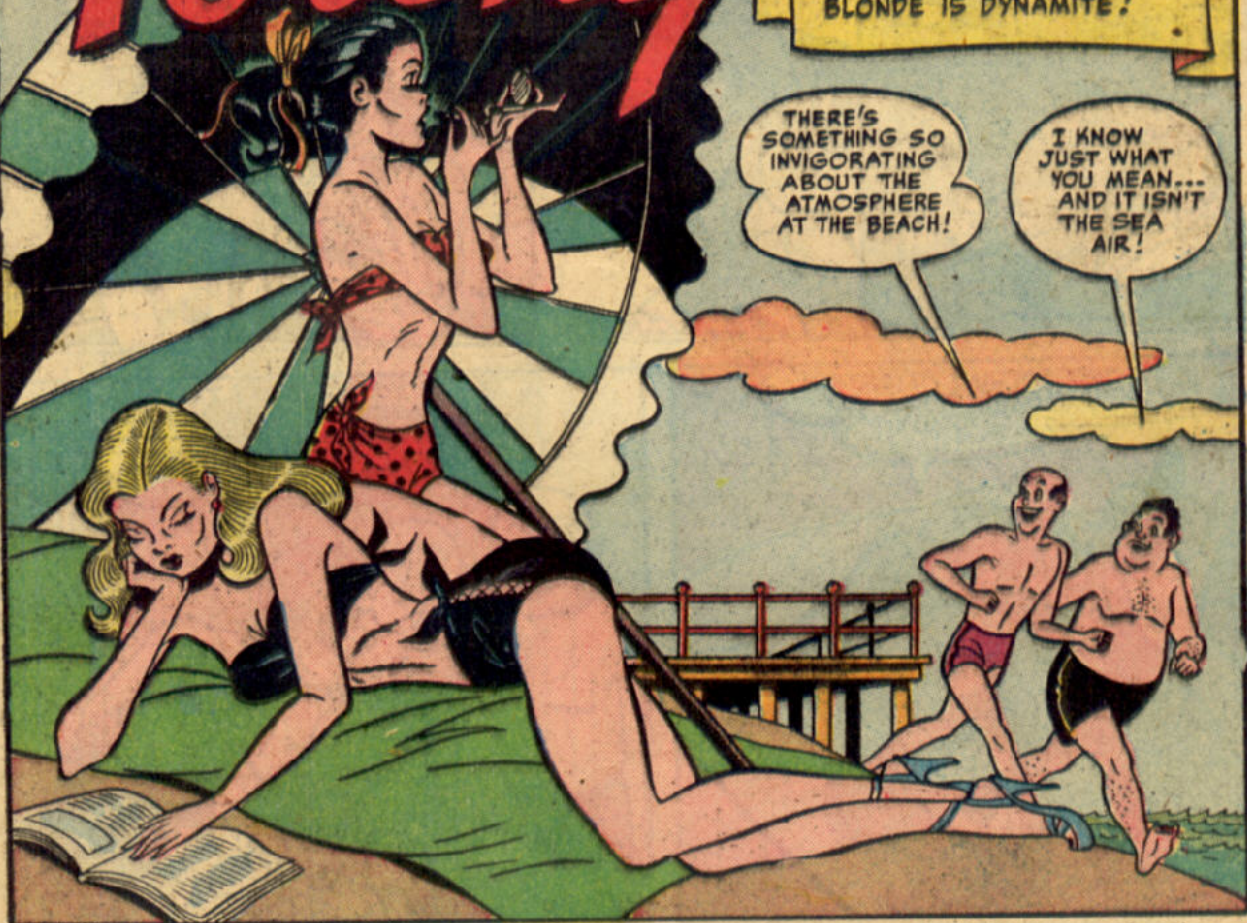
YOU'RE TELLING ME!

Torchy

MEET THE SIZZLING TORCHY TODD! HERE'S THE GAL WHO CAN RAISE THE TEMPERATURE OF AN ICE CUBE! LET'S FACE IT...THIS INCENDIARY BLONDE IS DYNAMITE!

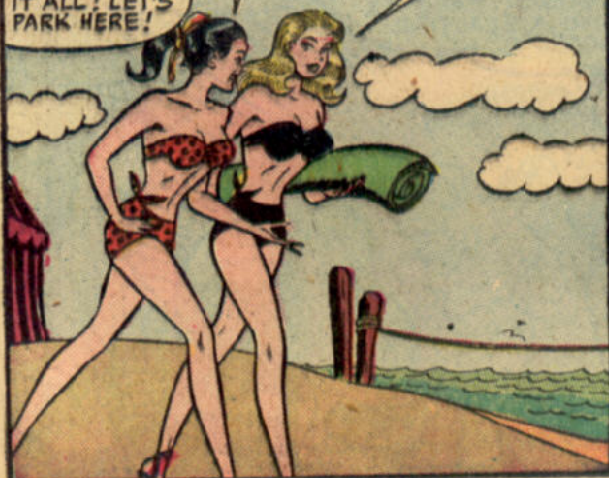
THERE'S SOMETHING SO INVIGORATING ABOUT THE ATMOSPHERE AT THE BEACH!

I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU MEAN... AND IT ISN'T THE SEA AIR!



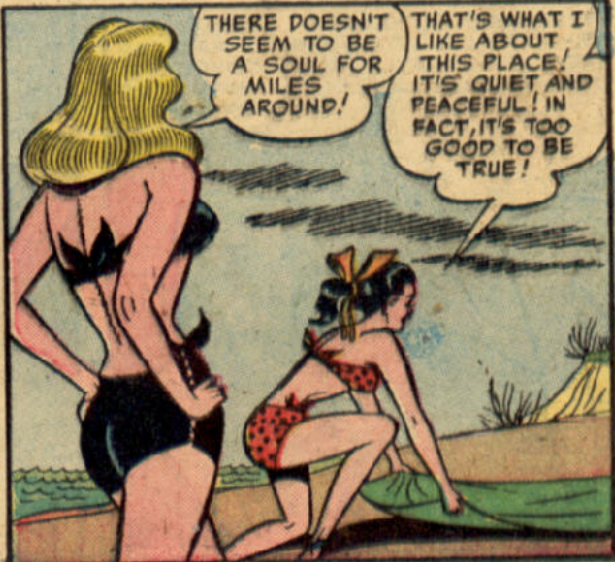
TORCHY, THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL! LET'S PARK HERE!

THIS IS A PERFECT SPOT, TESS!



THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A SOUL FOR MILES AROUND!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THIS PLACE! IT'S QUIET AND PEACEFUL! IN FACT, IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!



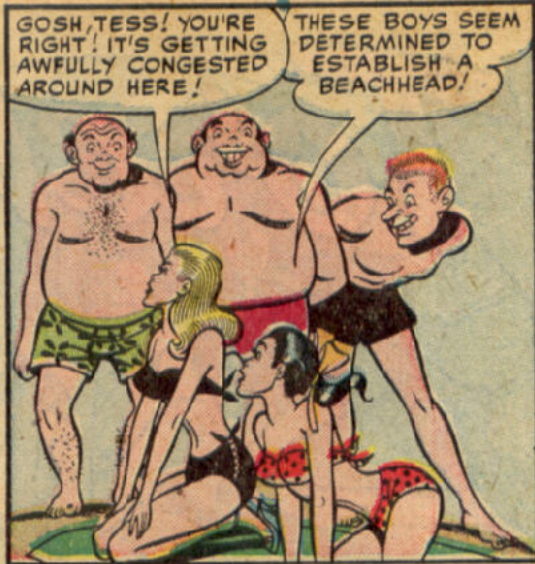


I JUST KNEW IT COULDN'T LAST!

MAYBE THEY'RE JUST PASSING! MAYBE THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY SOMEWHERE!



ONCE THEY CATCH A GLIMPSE OF YOU, TORCHY, THEY DON'T FEEL LIKE GOING ANYPLACE ELSE!

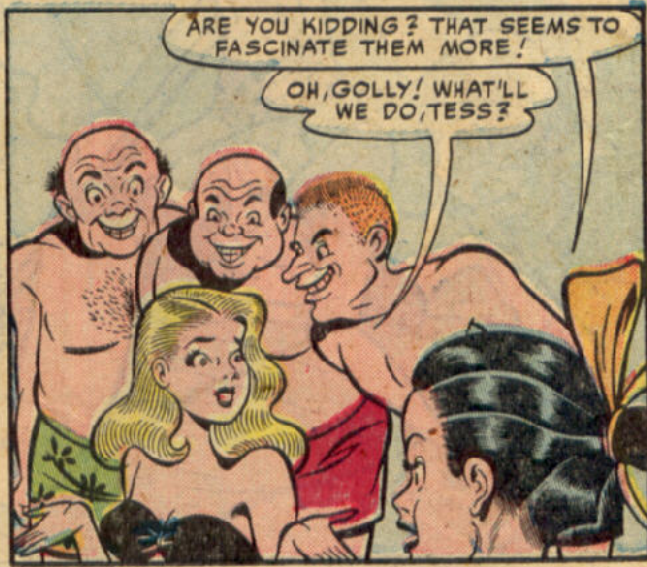


GOSH, TESS! YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S GETTING AWFULLY CONGESTED AROUND HERE!

THESE BOYS SEEM DETERMINED TO ESTABLISH A BEACHHEAD!



IF I DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM MAYBE THEY'LL GO AWAY!



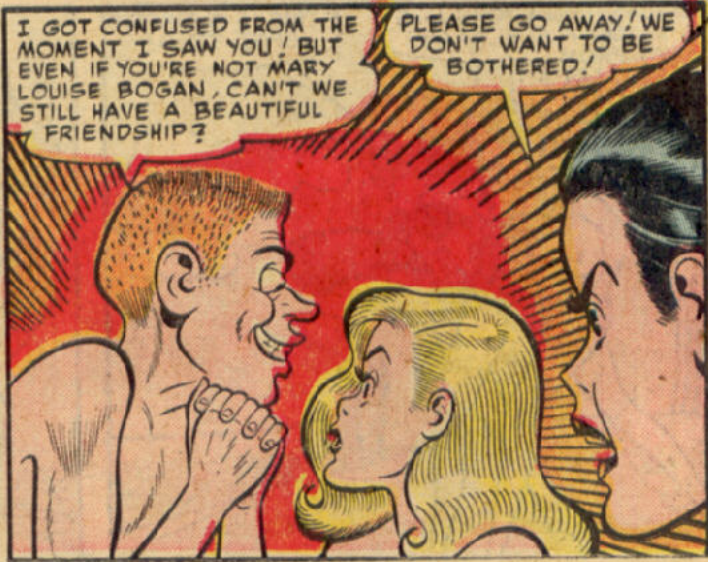
ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT SEEMS TO FASCINATE THEM MORE!

OH, GOLLY! WHAT'LL WE DO, TESS?



PARDON ME, BUT AREN'T YOU MARY LOUISE BOGAN FROM CINCINNATI?

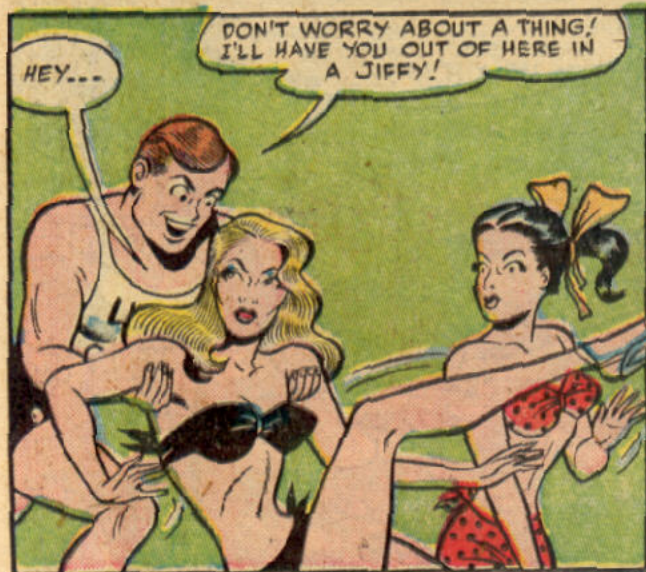
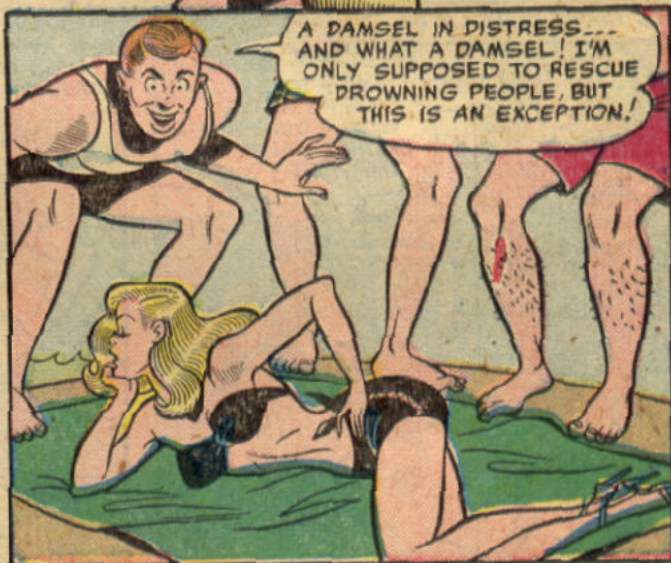
YOU MUST HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE ELSE!



I GOT CONFUSED FROM THE MOMENT I SAW YOU! BUT EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT MARY LOUISE BOGAN, CAN'T WE STILL HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP?

PLEASE GO AWAY! WE DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED!

DOLL MAN



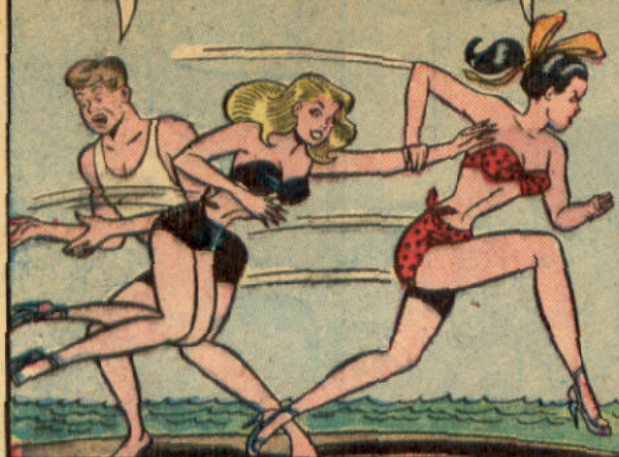
HEY, DON'T GO OUT OF MY LIFE SO QUICKLY!

COME ON, TORCHY! THERE'S NO HIDING PLACE DOWN HERE!

TESS, WHAT DO YOU THINK CAUSED ALL THAT TROUBLE?

THE COMBINATION OF YOU AND YOUR BATHING SUIT WAS JUST TOO MUCH FOR THE MALE POPULATION!

WELL, I CAN FIX THINGS UP! I'LL JUST GET ANOTHER BATHING SUIT! WAIT RIGHT HERE WHILE I GET IT!



A SHORT TIME LATER---

HI, TESS!

DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME? TORCHY, WHERE IN THE WORLD DID YOU DIG UP THAT RELIC OF THE PAST?



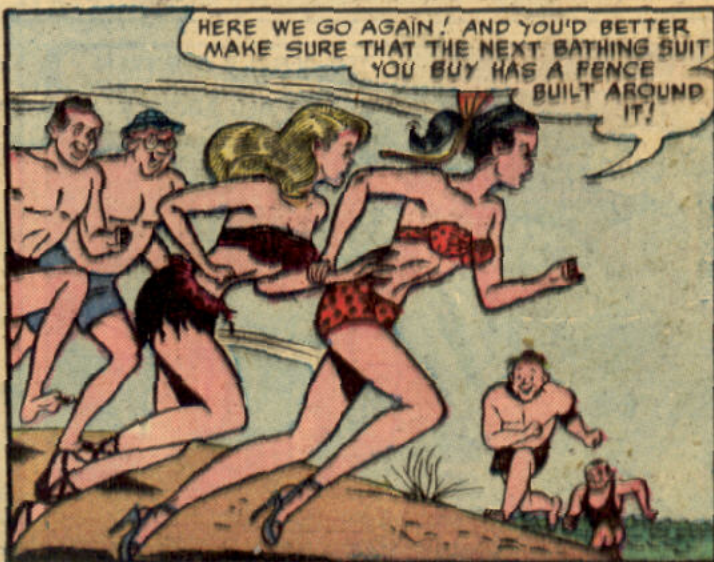
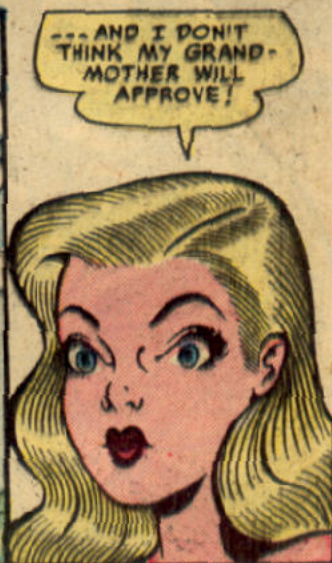
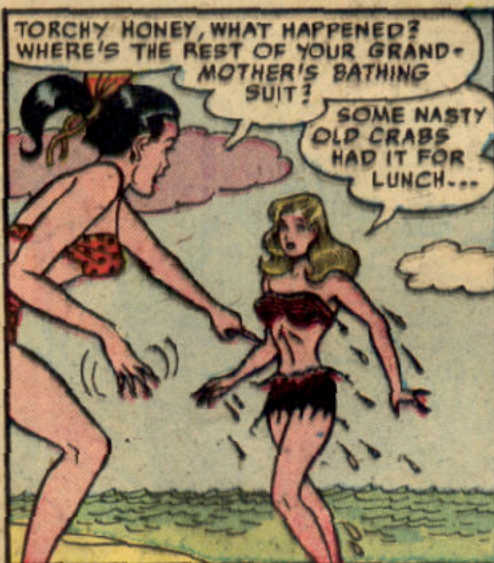
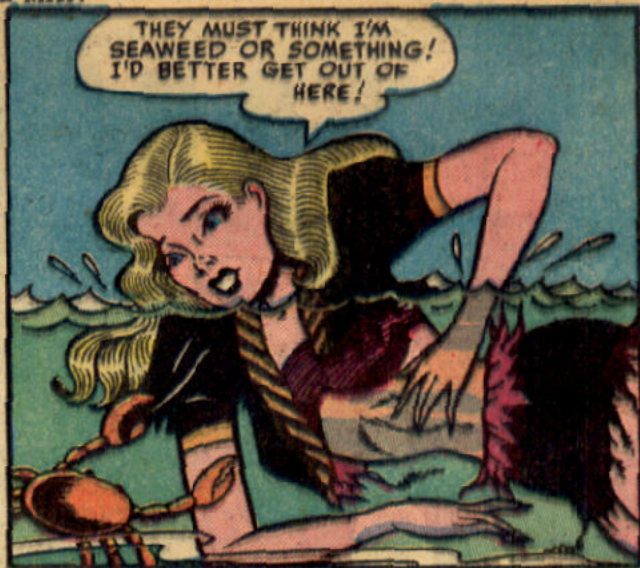
IT WAS MY GRANDMOTHER'S, BUT IT'S AWFULLY WARM! I THINK I'LL GO IN THE WATER AND COOL OFF!

YOU POOR KID, YOU MUST BE ROASTING! GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE FISHES!



THERE'S SOMETHING TUGGING AT MY SUIT! I WONDER WHAT IT IS?





Doll Man

A PIN PIERCES A CRUDE IMAGE
AND A MAN IS MARKED FOR
IMMEDIATE DESTRUCTION! BUT
DOLL MAN, DIMINUTIVE DYNAMO
OF LAW AND ORDER, IS
DETERMINED TO STOP THIS EVIL
SORCERY! IN SO DOING, HE
MARKS HIMSELF FOR ---
VOODOO VENGEANCE!



DOLL MAN

KEEP AN EYE ON THEM,
ELMO! I'LL BE WITH YOU
IN A MINUTE!

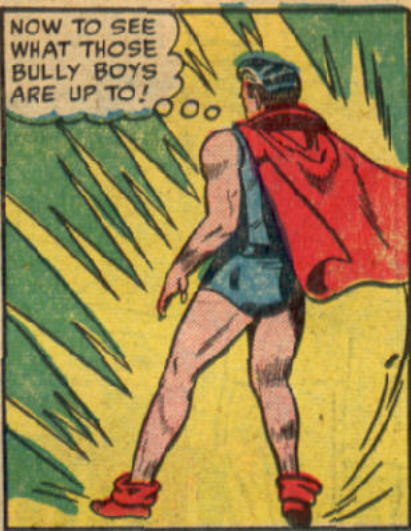


VARREL DANE BEGINS TO
CONCENTRATE HIS MIGHTY
POWERS OF WILL ---



...AND BECOMES THE DOLL MAN!

NOW TO SEE
WHAT THOSE
BULLY BOYS
ARE UP TO!



THAT MAN WITH THEM IS ERIC
GRAYSTON! HE'S AN IMPORTANT
MEMBER OF OUR GOVERNMENT!

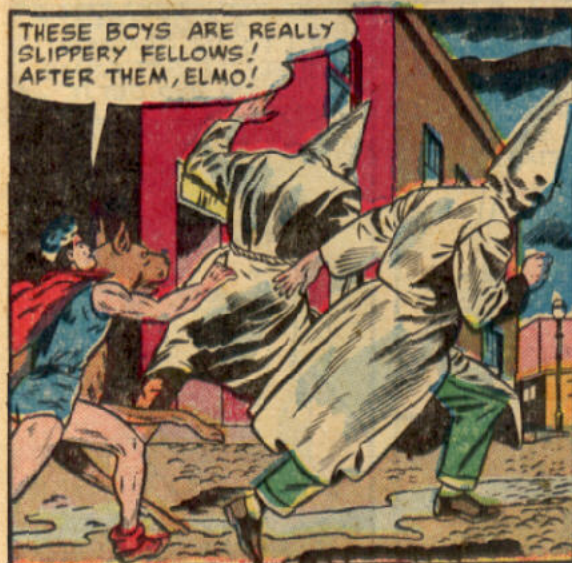


I DON'T LIKE THE COMPANY HE KEEPS
AND I'M SURE HE DOESN'T EITHER!
LET'S REMEDY THAT SITUATION,
ELMO!

GRRR!



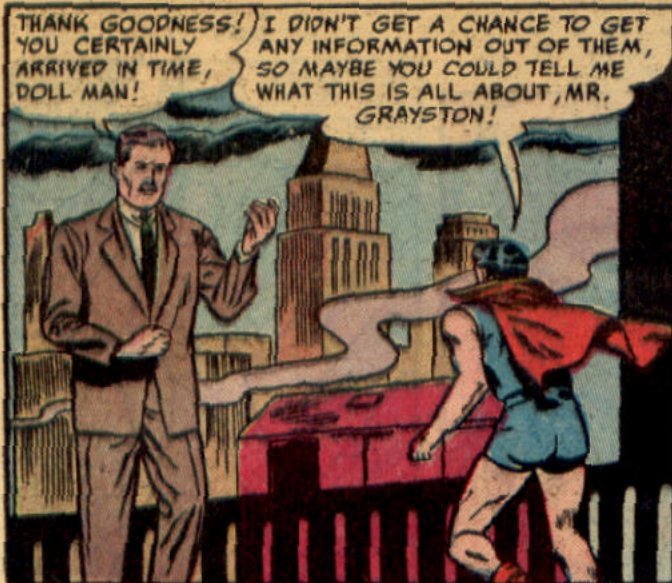
THESE BOYS ARE REALLY
SLIPPERY FELLOWS!
AFTER THEM, ELMO!



THEY WERE TOO QUICK FOR US THIS TIME, ELMO,
BUT I HAVE A SNEAKING SUSPICION WE
HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THEM!

GROWL!





DOLL MAN

And THE FOLLOWING DAY...

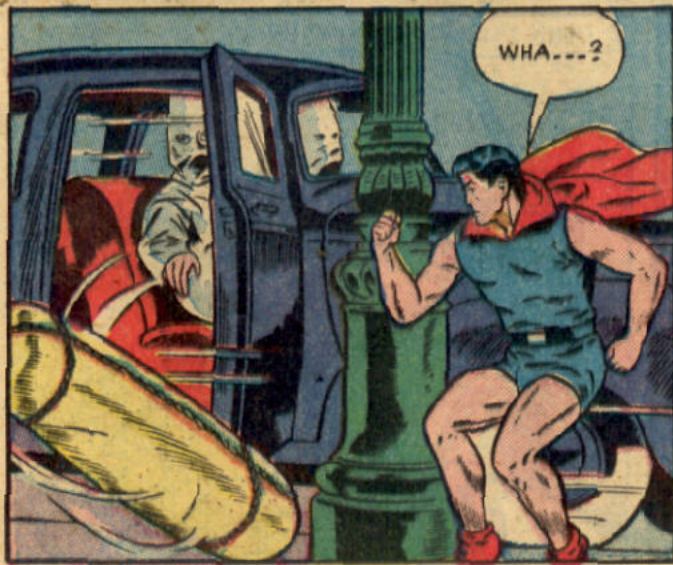
AS YOU SAY, DOLL MAN! I'LL ARRANGE FOR IT RIGHT AWAY! BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I'M GOING TO TRY TO PICK UP THEIR TRAIL! WHEN I DO I'LL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! GOOD-BYE, MR. GRAYSTON!

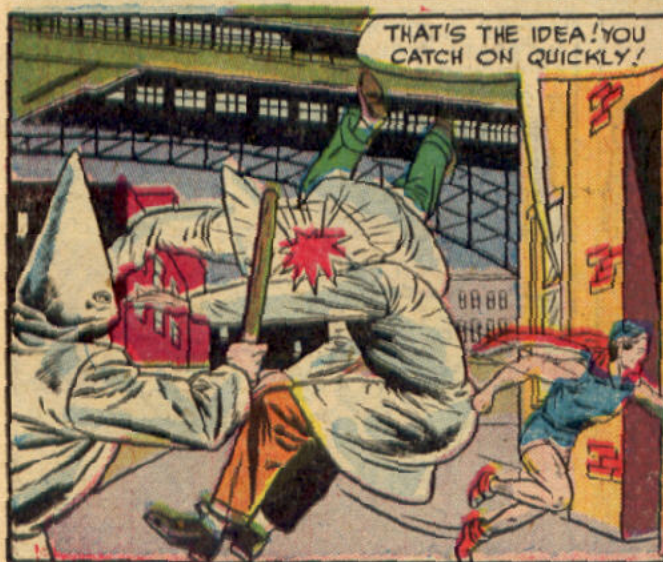
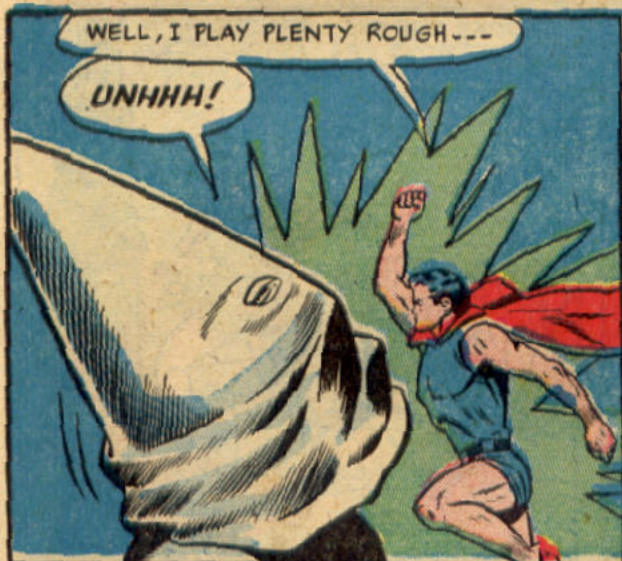
THEY SEEM TO HAVE VANISHED COMPLETELY, ELMO! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK NEXT!

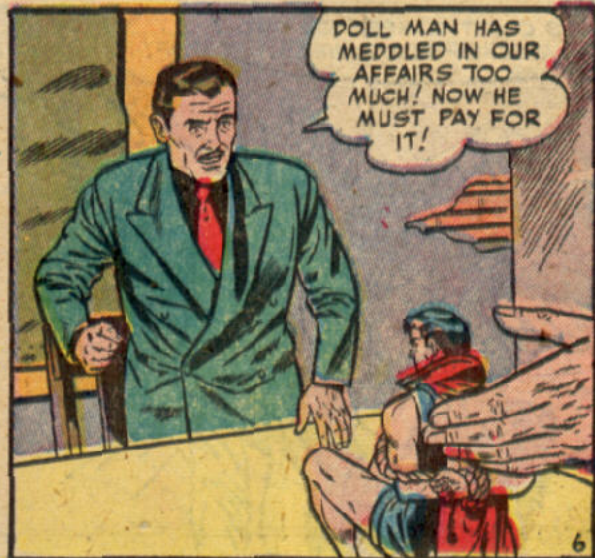
YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THAT CAR! WAIT A MINUTE--- IT'S THE GETAWAY CAR!

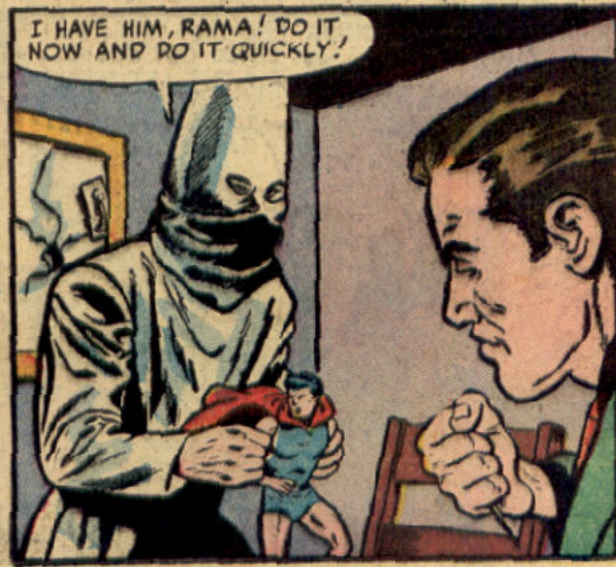
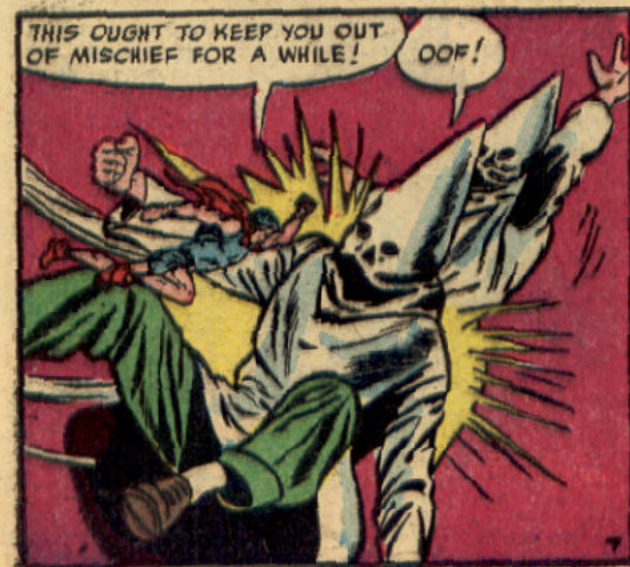
ARF!



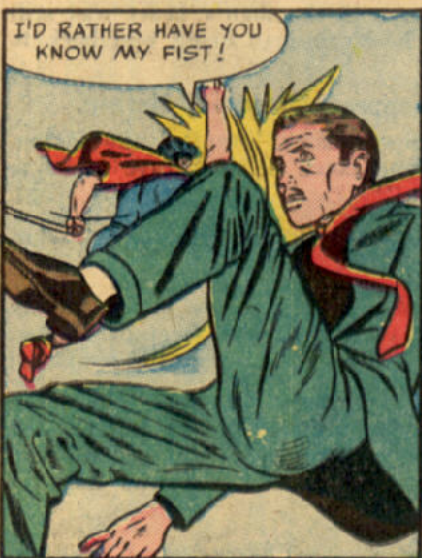
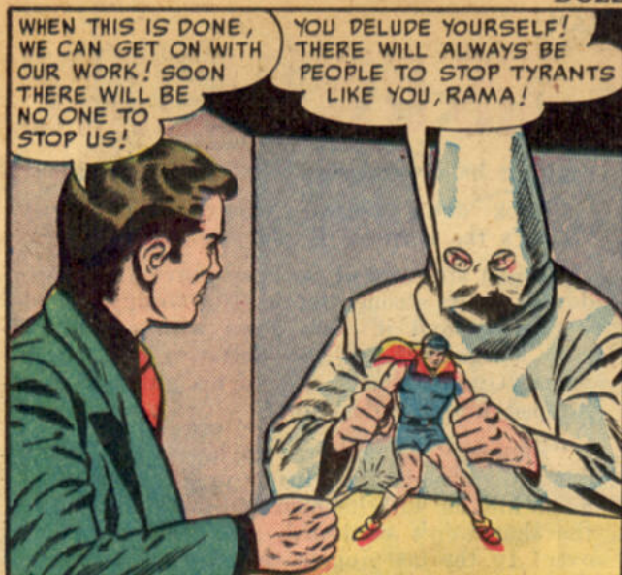
DOLL MAN







DOLL MAN



And SOMETIME LATER---

YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT, DOLL MAN! WE FOUND PAPERS HERE OUTLINING A PLAN TO DESTROY THE HEADS OF OUR GOVERNMENT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! AND THANKS TO YOU, THESE MADMEN HAVE BEEN STOPPED BEFORE THEY COULD DO ANY REAL DAMAGE!



THE MAN WHO DUG HIS OWN GRAVE

GIMPY JONES limped furtively down the street. Dan Morgan covertly watched his approach but gave no sign of recognition. As Gimpy passed, he seemed to stumble and fall against the detective but, out of the corner of his mouth he muttered, "Tonight at ten. South gate. Idlewild Cemetery!" Then, correcting his stride, he brushed past!

To an onlooker, it might have been a casual incident. To Detective Morgan, it meant that Gimpy had information. The meeting place might seem unusual, but Gimpy had suggested it some time before and it was probably the last place anyone would expect a cop and a stoolie to meet.

"Morgan'll get more than information tonight," Gimpy grinned to himself. "I hate him! This is where I even the score!"

Gimpy was on parole. Morgan had caught him breaking into a car. But, instead of throwing the book at him, which would mean a return to prison, Morgan had held the information like a club over his head. He had forced Gimpy to become a stool pigeon!

The grapevine of the underworld had worked as usual and Gimpy was shunned by his former companions! He was an outcast, even in his own society of thieves and crooks. He had become bitter, with an all-consuming hatred for the man who held his freedom in his grasp.

"But tonight will be the end of it," he thought. "I'll be rid of Morgan for good! He'll disappear from the face of the earth, vanish into thin air, and I'll be in the clear! Without a corpse, how can there be a murder?"

He chuckled as he thought how the rumor would spread among his own kind—that Morgan was out of the way—that he was responsible! He would be re-established!

At ten, Gimpy was hiding near the gate of the cemetery, a long-handled spade in his hand. The night was foreboding and there was a slight drizzle. He shivered from the damp air and the tension.

"You here, Gimpy?" It was Morgan's voice, low and near to a whisper.

"Yeah," answered Gimpy. "I got something hot for you! Follow me!"

He led the way, as they tip-toed among the ghostly tombstones. "Follow me," he repeated. "You're in for a surprise!"

They came to the edge of a freshly-dug grave, prepared for a burial the next day. Morgan

couldn't help wondering what it was all about!

"Look down there," Gimpy said quietly. "That's the surprise I told you about!"

Morgan approached the open grave and peered down into its gloomy depths. But Gimpy's spade was ready and it came down with a CRASH onto Morgan's head. The detective fell, unconscious. Gimpy frisked him of his gun and then jumped into the deep pit.

"Success," he muttered to himself! "I'll dig down three more feet, throw in Morgan's body, finish him off with his own gun down here where the shot won't be heard, and then cover him over! In the morning, a casket will be lowered into this grave and an innocent death will cover my crime! Who'd look for a corpse under the casket of another?"

He began digging and the rain started to fall. He threw dirt high over his head—over the unconscious figure of Morgan—and the rain came down harder! Finally he judged he'd dug deeply enough. Now to get out and bring Morgan's body to its secret hiding place!

He started to climb out, bracing his feet against opposite sides of the grave! But the rain—the rain had made the dirt slippery and he couldn't get a toehold! He tried digging steps into the ground but, each time he attempted to raise himself, he slipped and slid to the bottom! He dug and climbed more feverishly, panicked by the realization that he was trapped!

Night wore on to morning and the sexton of the cemetery, coming through the gloomy fog of day, found the faintly-stirring body of Dan Morgan lying beside the newly-dug grave. He bent down to see if the man's heart was still beating. Then he worked to bring him back to consciousness.

"Wh-what happened?" gasped Morgan.

"I don't know, mister," replied the sexton. "But your friend down in this grave seems to be in bad shape!"

"Friend?" queried Morgan, groggily. "What friend?"

Then he looked down into the slimy, muddy hole. And he saw the lifeless form of Gimpy, with Morgan's own revolver clutched in his hand!

"Yeah, sure," muttered Morgan. "He was a 'friend,' all right! He was out to kill me but his big surprise back-fired! He was just a cheap crook and a would-be murderer who dug his own grave!"

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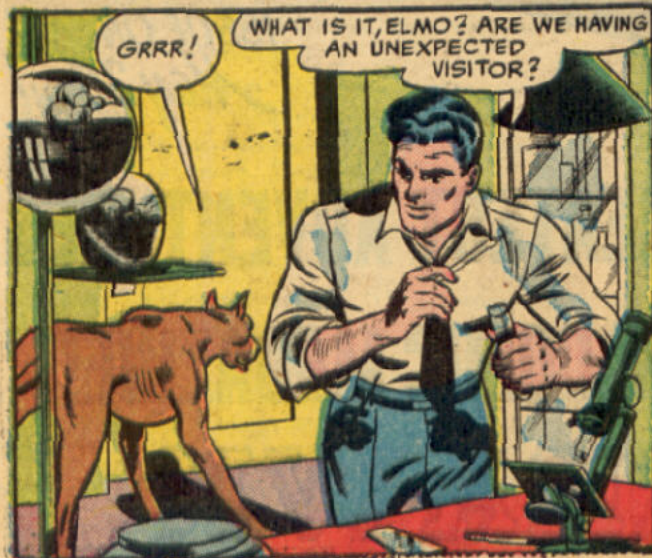
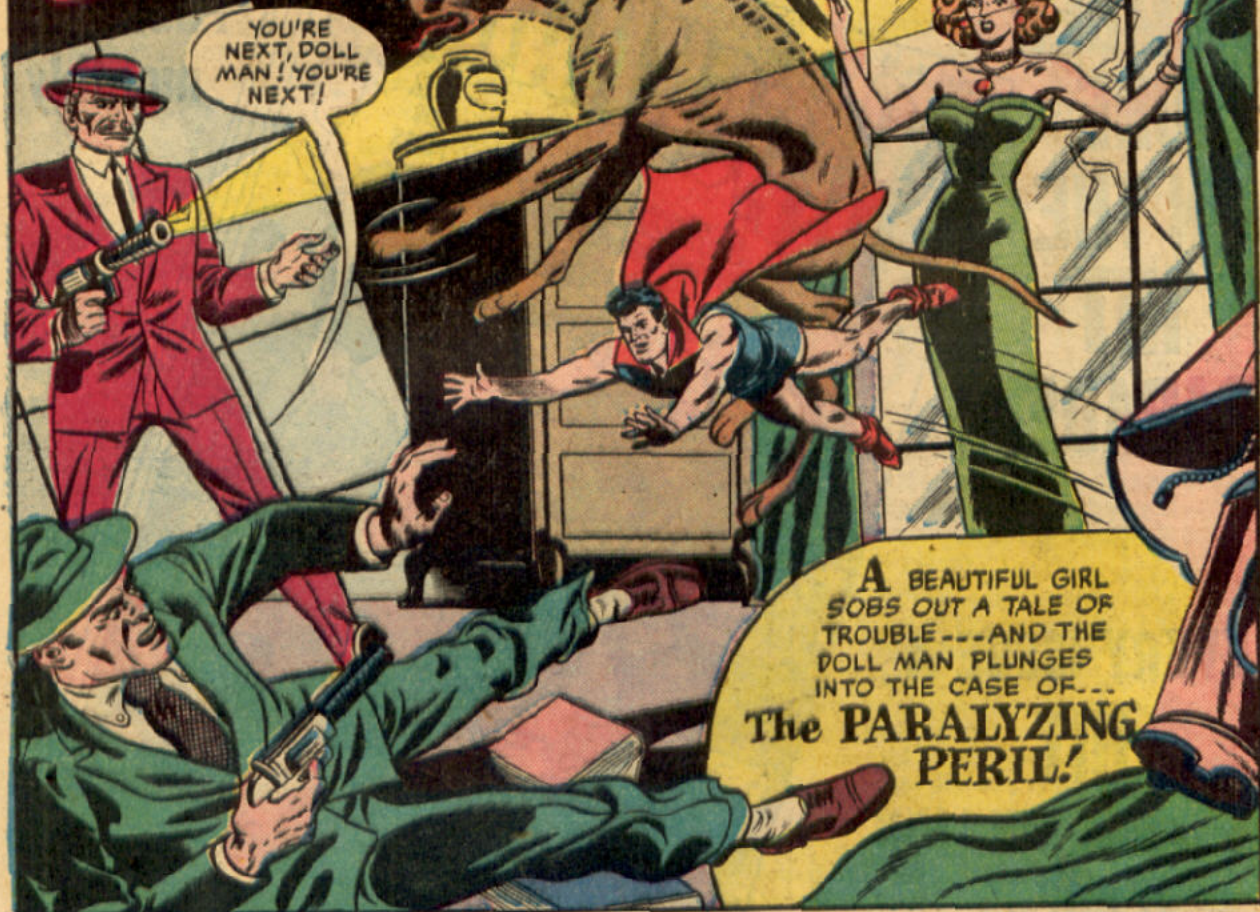


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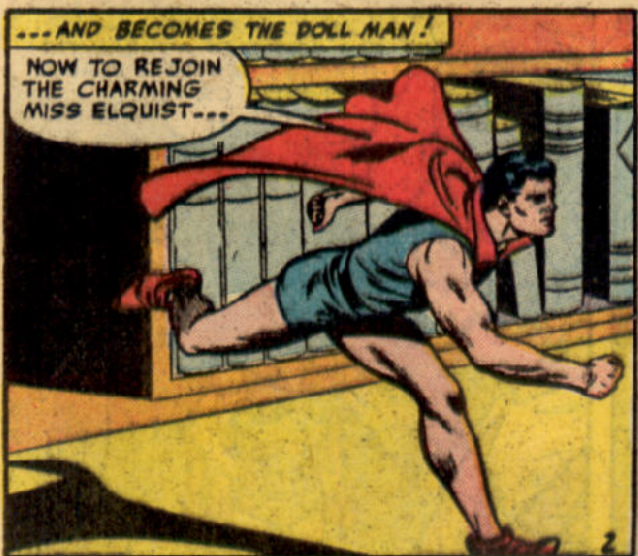
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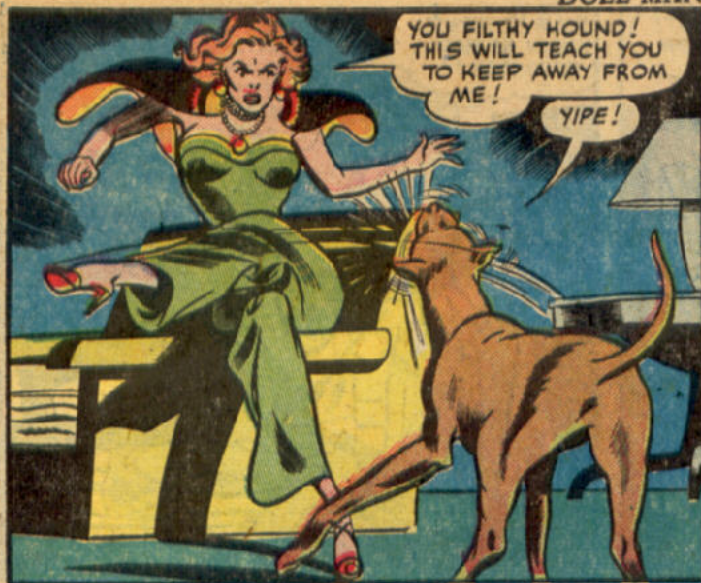
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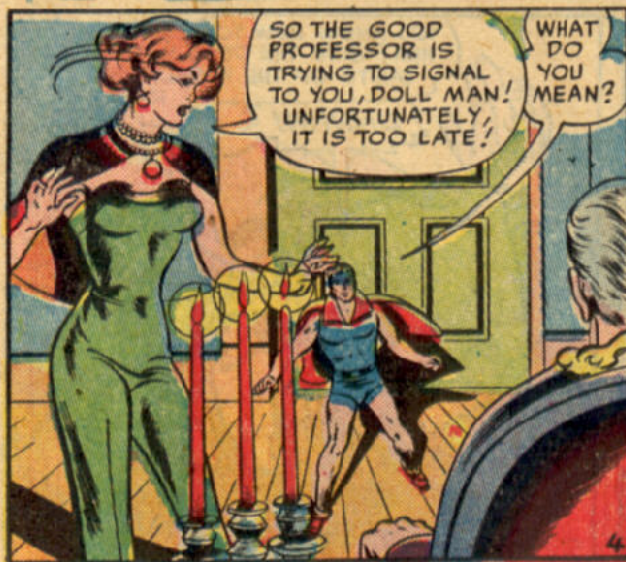
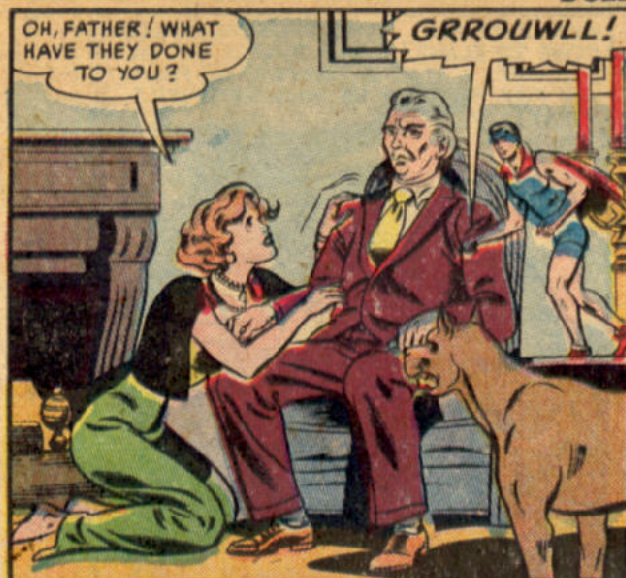


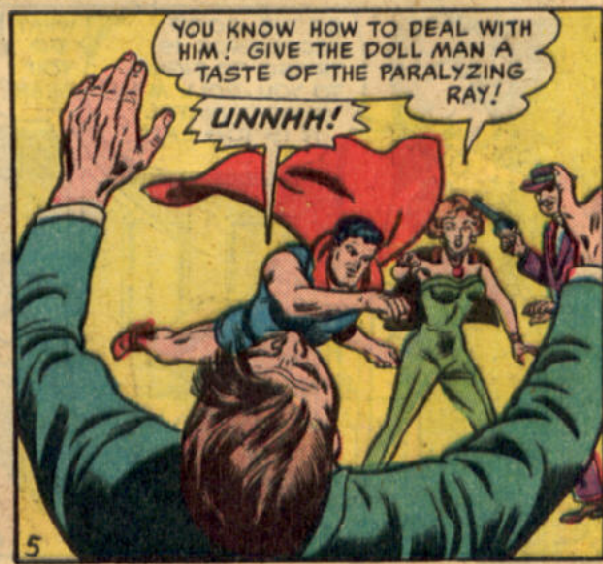
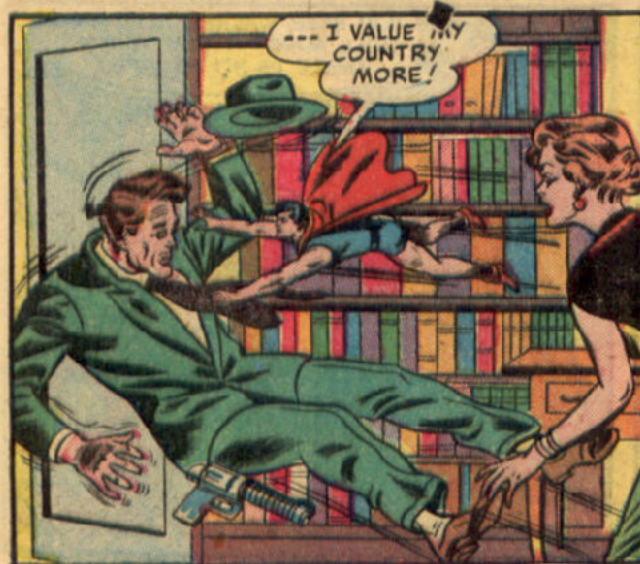
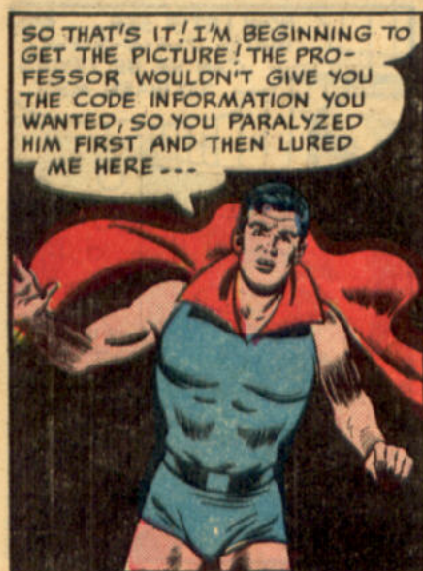
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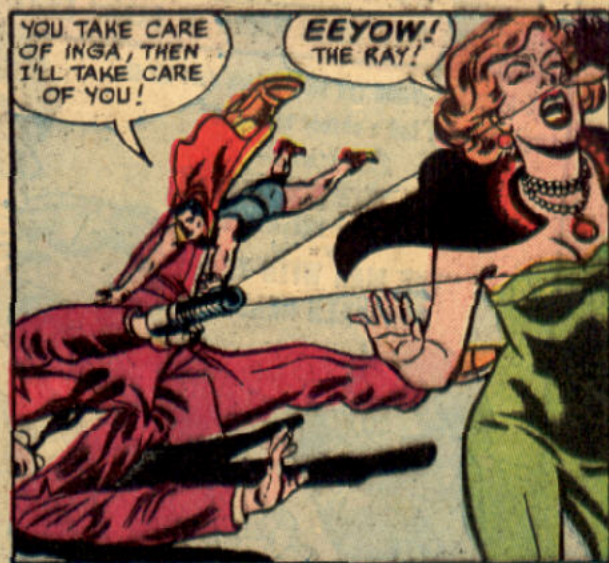
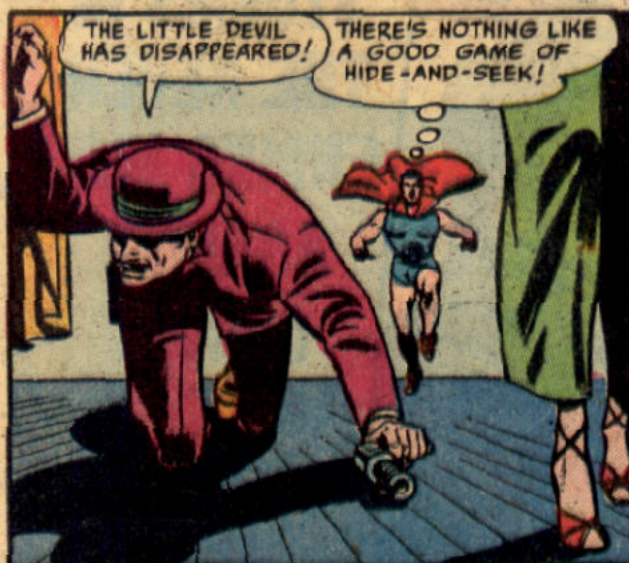
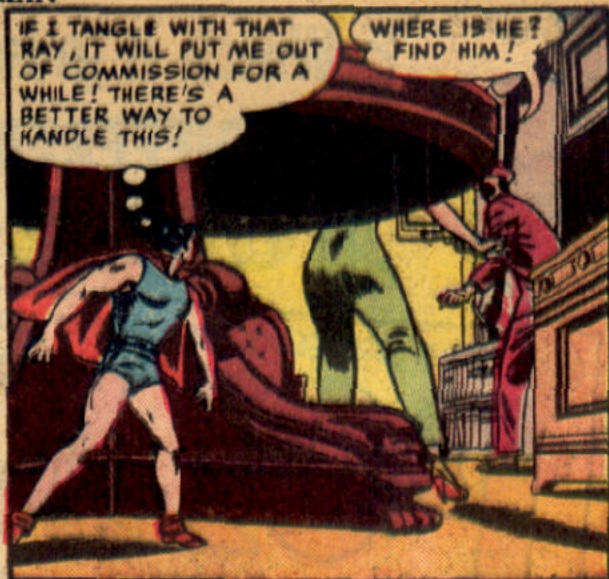
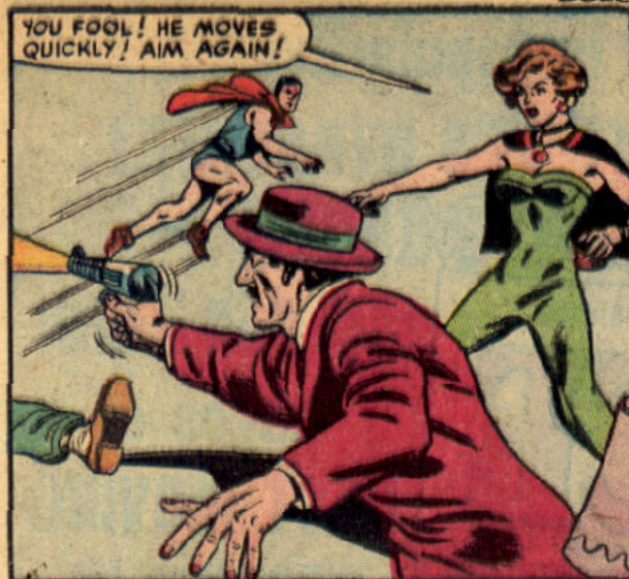


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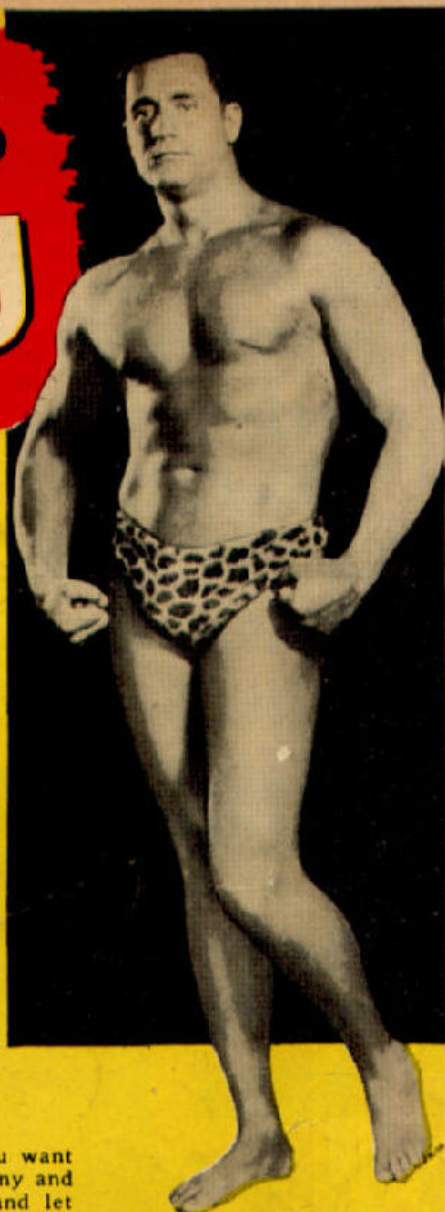
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